FIRST WALKS ABROAD

There were two dear little girls, Shamáli and 524 ●
Banu, about six and four, who played with me and let me 177
tickle them with straws and play "One little pig went to market . . ." with their dusty little toes. This game proved such a success that I roughly translated it into "One little sheep went to drink. . . ." They would never have seen a pig, and if they had they *ought* to think it unclean, so I thought a lamb was safer. My first version gave one little lamb bread to eat, "bread" being a general word for "food." This caused great laughter: "Lambs wouldn't like bread, Mother dear." "Well, what do you think they'd like best?" "Oh, grass or leaves." "One little lamb had grass to eat and one little lamb had none." Thus amended, my little rhyme was approved, and other youngsters turned up to play "little lambs" till the game grew so popular that whenever I sat down on anyone's threshing-floor baby feet would be stretched out towards me: "One little lamb, Mother . . ." till I got quite tired of ". . . baa, baa, baa, all the way home," but it never palled on them. Centuries hence, when we shall have long been sleeping in the Garden of Rest at Golders Green, some anthropologist will come along and wonder what process of "diffusion" took "one little pig" to Hunza, or whether Hunza spontaneously generated the jingle for itself.

My pencil and little notebook were a great source of amuse- 124
ment, and the youngsters would crowd round: "Have you put 476
my name in? I'm Shamúli." "So you are; but whose Shamúli are you? I've got two Shamúlis already. Who's your Daddy? How many brothers have you got; how many sisters, are they bigger or smaller, what are *their* names? And which house is yours?" Thus gradually I got to know most of our immediate neighbours, but it was no easy matter to sort the families out, for groups would gather on each other's threshing-floors, and anyone whose own immediate work was done would join in to help the workers. I finally gave numbers of my own to all the nearest houses, and tried bit by bit to plot out the various relationships.

Meantime the threshing went steadily on, and I noticed that 243
the driver carried always a flat bowl shoulder high in her left 237
hand. "Now what's that for?" asked I. "Why, that's the dung-

Chapter 19

HARVEST THANKSGIVING

THERE are a couple of minor items of the autumn harvest I have omitted to mention. In Aliabid, the widest and most gently sloping bay of the Hunza mountain side, there is for one short stretch of perhaps a mile a patch of ground above the level of possible fields before the steep cliff face begins. Through and above this run the third and fourth of our horizontal watercourses, offshoots from the Berber Channel that waters the higher levels of Baltit and derives also from the great glacier of the Ulter Ber, but takes off much higher up than the Dala. Sufficient water can occasionally be spared from these two channels (which in the main are needed to irrigate high-lying "gardens" of trees) to flood these rocky slopes, which then bring forth that rarest of Hunza products, natural grass. These *toqs*, as they are called, are divided into strips by loose stone walls and used as grazing grounds by whoever leases them. Two or even four families often combine to share a *toq*, and on your walks you will find children of various sizes in charge of a few animals; a small girl may be sitting gravely alone practising embroidery stitches on a strip of calico, a boy may be twisting the string of horse-gut for his catapult bow, a group may be romping together or playing a game like rounders with a home-spun cap for ball, or "horses" where half the players are mounted on the others' backs and the pairs charge each other to a fall, and any rider thrown becomes in turn a horse. When these livelier games begin to pall, a couple will withdraw to the edge of the little channel and scratch a draught-board on a level patch of ground and play with pebbles white and grey as men. The board is formed of triangles whose

524 apexes (apices? no, no!) are the "squares" and any man can move and take in any direction. It requires quite as much skill and provides quite as much fun as draughts played in our way. There are half a dozen other games of the sort, roughly variants of "marbles," all played with pebbles and governed by complicated rules which we only partially mastered.

957 We used to watch Nimo, of No. 7, a jolly, bright-eyed mite of eight or nine, pass our window every morning about half-past six, sturdily carrying an empty shoulder basket as she herded her two or three small cows off to the *toq*; sometimes she was taking charge of a small brother or sister as well. Just before nightfall, after a whole summer day on the mountain side, she would return, driving her animals and stooping 237 slightly under her load. One evening in the very early days I 857 stopped her to ask *whose* Nimo she was (their names duplicate 241 each other like our Joans, Anns, and Dorises), and "What have you got in your basket there?" With courteous surprise at being asked a question to which there could be only one answer: "Why, to-day's cow-dung." Sure enough I soon discovered that every little cowherd conscientiously gathers every scrap of the cow's daily output and brings it home to the manure store in the barn—there are no untidy outdoor middens to spoil the landscape or defile the air.

Another day we met Khano of No. 3, one of our first boy-friends, breathlessly chivvying a cow uphill to a spot where he had safely dumped his baby sister Guláb, in charge of his basket. "Hullo, did she run away from you?" "She did, the villain, but I've got her back, and look, Mother, I've lost nothing," he said, as he proudly displayed the contents of his looped-up cloak. He threw his treasure into the basket and resumed his attentions to Guláb, while the cow resigned herself to orthodox grazing. He was playing with the little girl, patiently coaxing her to totter a step or two and flop into his waiting arms, and throwing up little stones for her to catch.

857 The tenderness of the bigger children to the babies is a [593] beautiful thing to watch. I never saw boy or girl out of temper with a baby brother, sister, or cousin, or resentful of having one in charge. When the bigger ones are busy in some momen-

2: Lorimer T-3 (1929–4; 1934–5) 1939 AV7 Burusho AV7

up and up amongst the stones till they look like mites in a cheese. What they find to eat is a mystery, for there is not one visible blade of grass and not one inch of thorn. But they "feed" there all day with the boys in the offing to see that they do not stray too far.

The Hunza sheep have prudently established the tradition that they cannot climb so high without breaking their legs, so they stay farther down where there is a small amount of very scanty grass (a home sheep would not recognize it as such) and an occasional dead leaf to gorge on.

Khano pointed out the "lizards' apricots"; patches of yellow, green, grey, and white lichen, which he says the lizards live on. He showed us the spoor of a fox and the tracks of his friends and a host of other interesting things. He's an amusing little play-actor. "Oh, I've got a thorn in my foot!" and he pretended to cry and limp helplessly about. Then with a laugh he clutched his foot, stooped to meet it, and whisked the thorn out with his teeth—a huge thing it was. Next he pulled a *mindak* out of some unexpected recess in his clothing and tried to teach us to play shuttlecock. The *mindak* is a most attractive toy. You get a small flat central button of lead and somehow contrive to attach to it a horizontal frill of kids' hair, black or white preferred. You then throw it in the air and try to kick it up with your foot, counting how often you succeed before letting it fall to the ground. You may kick it with your instep in an amateurish way, but the stylish thing is to strike it with the sole of your bare foot. The boys are extraordinarily adept, but the art is one not easily acquired in leather-shod middle age. Our indifferent attempts reduced us all three to helpless laughter. We were much amused to note that just as with the girls stotting their balls, the reckoning started at three and your first successful stroke was counted "four." In return for this demonstration lesson I tried to teach Khano to do handstands and cart-wheels, but my attempts to demonstrate these arts were somewhat unconvincing.

On the way home we met Kamber (Ustád Nadíro's boy) driving his herd of goats helter-skelter downhill. DL had

BARLEY SOWING AND "STARVATION SPRINGTIME"

licence to marry at irregular dates). Meantime no one seemed unduly cast down, and Apicho continued to grow her hair so as to be ready. Sometimes it stuck out all round her head in about a hundred tiny plaits, on other days she had a wonderful, if somewhat shaggy, mane of frizzy hair about 5 inches long. She was a dear. 511 585 302

The small boys and girls have the centre of their heads close shaven (a cleanly and sensible arrangement) with just a neat fringe left all round to show below their caps; married women wear, hanging down beside their faces, two plaits which are knotted up into two balls to be well out of the way. It is a most becoming style of hair-dressing. The plaits softly frame the face and the two balls dance merrily about. When a girl reaches thirteen or fourteen and marriage beings to loom ahead, she starts growing her hair in some variety of bob as a practical preparation for the state of matrimony. 302

We went off to one of the deep open reservoirs hoping in the good light to get a photograph of the cattle being watered at the usual time. But, alas! the nice bright day must have modified their time-table, for not the ghost of a beast turned up. On the way we saw a pretty young woman whom we knew, doing some washing. She was squatting in the sun on a stone sofa beside a pool which was still covered with thick ice and dipping the clothes in through a hole she had broken for the purpose. She then laid the wet garment on the stone and whacked it with a thick wooden beater. Further on, Najat of No. 1 was washing some tattered pieces of felt, probably to pluck down for shoddy. She had flung them into shallow water and was vigorously trampling them while chunks of ice clattered round her ankles. A hardy folk the Hunzukuts. 296

As we came back we found a large group of women and children on the main road, and one of the wee girls had a "doll." This consisted simply of one piece of stick with some rags hung round it and two cross sticks for arms which were jointed on and neatly attached to a piece of string so that they waved about when you pulled. They made it "dance" for us with much amusement and laughter, but we could not detach the doll and its owner from the crowd to get a decent photograph. 524 223

2: Lorimer T-3 (1929–4; 1934–5) 1939 AV7 Burusho AV7

000 with. They are the greatest possible contrast to the alert, intelligent Burusho: possibly there is more than sugar in a diet of apricots!

132 312 Quite suddenly after the first lovely rush of water the channels went silent again. Not that they were ice-bound, but it seems that the first warmth of the year melts all the recently fallen snow off the top, which gives you your first rush. After that comes a pause before the sun has gathered heat enough to melt the older, hardened snow and make an impression on the glaciers. This arrangement of Nature's suits the peasants well. The first rush waters their new planted barley and springing wheat; the pause gives them time to clear out all the silt and sand that is cluttering up their channels, and to repair the walls. They find the silt a useful top-dressing for their fields. All the menfolk worked hard to get their irrigation works into trim before the real water flow began. Meantime all the *gferis* near us were empty, and poor Sagi had to go a mile or more to draw water for baths and washing up, in addition to his usual pilgrimage for our drinking water. So we installed an assistant for him.

● 524 534 Among the enlivening sounds of these early Spring days was the tootle-tootle of boys' whistles. At a certain moment when they consider the degree of sap flowing in the willows is right for their purpose, they cut themselves sections of various lengths. With great ingenuity they coax off the bark in great flute-like pipes and make an extraordinary variety of whistles with many notes. The deepest notes are achieved by inserting a finer pipe into a larger one, and thus providing a lining to the latter as it were. The same procedure that yields a whistle will also supply a squirt, a pop-gun, or a pea-shooter, and these various toys diversify the day.

262 Despite the pleasure which water, work, and sunlight bring, the season of Spring awakes no poet's raptures in the Hunza heart. "Starvation Springtime" would have given Keats an odd title for an Ode. Many weeks before the new barley was ripe for cutting every household round us had already run out of every sort of flour, many also out of potatoes and apricots.

THE FIRST OF THE HARVEST

Windy weather was knocking down unripe mulberries in alarming quantities, which were incontinently guzzled by the goats and sheep. 233 245

By June 9th ripe mulberries were reported from Ganesh and Hasanabad, some hundreds of feet below us, but we had to wait another three weeks for ours.

One afternoon we were out on the hillside and stopped to watch a group of boys playing a complicated game of *bada bada* with a lot of small stones cast into twelve little holes in the ground. It was roughly equivalent to some of our games of marbles, and thinking of a large consignment of these which we had brought with us for future gifts we ruefully realized how useless marbles would be in a country where there are not six inches of smooth, level ground. As we sat trying to master the rules of *bada bada* Gulo crept up alongside me and slipped her hand confidentially into mine, whispering "Our pussy cat has had a confinement," using for fun the same term as she would have applied to her mother, and not the word suitable for cats. "There are three kittens, and they opened their eyes yesterday; do come and see them!" 524 231

When the game was over we accordingly started crosswise downhill to No. 3. I halted at the door to make sure that Zénába was prepared to endorse the impulsive invitation. She was sitting crouched by the hearth boiling the greens for dinner and jumped up with delight to bring us in. We squatted down on a sleeping-bench, from the back of which the children produced a round fruit basket in which the cat was cosily curled up. She was evidently accustomed to seeing her babies tenderly handled, for she let us take them out without other comment than a loud purr. Dear little furry things they were, about the size of small mice, and Gulo bubbled over: "She made first the black one and then the white one and then the yellow one—and that was all." Meantime, in addition to Kanîza and Apícho, a strange young man had drifted in to see what was going on, and presently Father arrived and we all chatted together very gaily. Laughing somewhat apologetically, Zénába confessed that she had drawn on the emergency reserve to make some *daudo* (a sort of porridge with butter) for pussy 231 844 262

2: Lorimer T-3 (1920-4; 1934-5) 1939 AV7 Burusho AV7

one day a group of men sitting pensively under a mulberry tree silently munching unripe fallen fruit, but the most pathetic sight was groups of little girls crouched beside a water-channel scooping out sand and mud and forming it into various types of breads and cakes which they pretended to "bake like Mother." They knew nothing of modern psychology, and were unaware that we interpreted their poor little mud pies as wish-fulfilments.

Cuckoos and larks were now filling the air with welcome, strangely home-like sounds.

One day the news of the Quetta earthquake reached us by telephone and spread dismay in twenty homes which had sons in British service there. How to get news? Mercifully the suspense was not prolonged. Thanks to the humane arrangements which allowed survivors to telegraph free, a telegram was telephoned through from one of the Hunza men to say that he and all his compatriots had escaped, owing to the fact that they were all employed by officers of the Staff College. It would be blasphemy to suppose that those were all unrighteous on whom the Tower of Siloam fell, but we could hardly resist a suspicion that the God of Earthquakes shared something of our feeling for the folk of Hunza.

It was the very end of June before the Barley Harvest was in sight, but as the time approached nearer and nearer, by painfully slow degrees, we saw women and girls devoting all their spare time to making new caps for the jollifications of Gináni, and the men, who are not a whit less vain, were already sporting bright new shirts in anticipation. We came on Kaníza and Apícho putting the last touches on a cap made of some scraps of Tootal material which I had given to Kaníza to dress the new doll that Yaman had made for her. They were weaving the braid edging straight on to the cap, stitching it on as they wove. The method was interesting: six long coarse crimson threads are made fast by both ends to the edge of the double cap—outside, and slightly padded lining. The stitcher holds the cap inside out. The braider sits near and takes the six long loops of equal length, passing three over the fingers of the right and three over the fingers of the left hand; then she slips the left-hand loops on to the right-hand fingers, deftly lifts the

dyeiyw a game (12 a side; hide in the dark and put hand on a stone). 524●

D and Þ.

d- becomes *đ-* when preceded by the negative prefix *a-*, or by the causative prefix *°-aa*. 000

đ°- denotes *đ-* followed by the simple forms of the pronoun prefixes: *gu- i-* etc.

đ°-a- denotes *đ-* followed by the altered forms of the pronoun prefixes: *go- e-* etc.

Vide §§ 287, 302 & 308.

da This particle is one of the hardest-worked words in the language. It has many shades of meaning which pass into each other, and in any given case the precise meaning is often difficult to determine.

The following scheme of meanings is offered only as a rough guide:

1. Again. — *ćwe da đo dwve stimi* he did that thing again. *yaf gwnâe Ŝ. B. da anîar dwsimi* the next day Sh. B. again went out for a stroll. 12.4. *da tsov ĵaŝa ĵu* come to me again soon. 24.8, 24.18, 28.10, 38.21, 40.8, 43.4, 102.11,22, 108.18,20, 148.11.
2. Then, and then. — *gula g'wov gi, da ĵo hazzv maigwm* throw this (hair) in the fire, and then I shall appear. 22.10. *awimi . . . . Da makramov hakwa stimi . . . .* he said ". . . . ." and then he gave orders to his servant . . 44.20. *hik (gunta) hax(k) hawetowaz ka, da gu.ĵwda* if you remain one day more (than 40), then you will die. 50.16. Cp. 8.17, 10.6, 20.17, 26.18, 32.8, 44.19, 118.14, 140.8, 202.4.

103b

4/52 *ɦaʃaka*, pl. *-dzo* x a piece of wood suspended so that with one end resting on the revolving upper millstone it leans against the tray into which the grain falls from the hopper. The vibration produced by the millstone is communicated by it to the tray and causes the grain to flow slowly through into the hole in the revolving millstone.

000 *taf'ayar* v. *daf'ayar*.

taf'apal, taf'apar Ha. & N., *-ɗo* x bat (animal). — *taf'apal ɲa.'an hil'eaa beɗi* he is a thin, weak (*lit.* bat-like) youth. QUE. (Cp. Sh. *talkarpaa*, bat).

ɦaʃaqaa, pl. *ɦaʃaqado*, x a kind of bird, redstart(?).

● 524 *f'aʃaq maaraw* to play a game resembling draughts with small stones on a diagram scratched on the ground. It is much played by children, but, though gambling is not much practised in Hunaa, it can no doubt be played for money and the meaning I was originally given was "to gamble". — *f'aʃaq maaʃiiaw* they are gambling *f'aʃaq maaraw sia* a gambler.

000 *taf'ar*, N. *taf'ar -ɗo*, x tailless rat, which is found up in the summer grazing-grounds.

f'aʃaa, pl. *f'aʃado*, x an article in an unfinished state, e.g. a roughly forged metal article, a garment cut out and basted, a roughly fashioned wooden article, e.g. a block of wood roughly shaped with an adze to be made into a bowl on the lathe. — *ɗaweya iwa ɗawa taʃaa dimaaimi* the rough form of the brooch came into existence of itself. 166.2,5. Cp. 166.9,19,22.

One can also say: — *maʃe f'aʃaa*,

c. Miscellaneous other words:

262

bajuvig.	*chap.*	*kuri.*	*yutur šal* N.	*šurt.*
bing.	*ghuufo.*	*nimaqili.*	*ghufuch.*	*tuamik.*
burski.	*kuula* N.	*nui.*	*šurbat.*	*utsiyunas.*
chuttuu.	*koš.*	*yulun.*	*šivta* N.	*wark.*

7. **Vessels, Utensils etc.**

415

a. Bags and Sacks:

balibakti.	*giryin.*	*khumaj.*	*mašk* N.	*surmata.*
buturu.	*yuti.*	*xalta* N.	*murj.*	*tayar.*
gungi.	*khal.ufu.*	*xilta.*	*qap.*	*turiq.*

b. Baskets.

chaghus.	*dur'a.*	*giran.*	*yutul.*	*kharuji.*	*thali.o.*

c. Vessels and Containers:

bafalik.	*dilamti.*	*kamik.*	*maiorba.*	*qirmizdara.*
bayundaksi.	*durkas.*	*imakti.*	*pfata.*	*sakap.*
bali.	*dulpa.*	*inan(?).*	*pfatasundai.*	*talpi.*
balut.	*durutsai.*	*jati.*	*pfirka.*	*tupur.*
biru.	*gufur.*	*khati.*	*pfuri.*	*tukayur.*
bufuk.	*gurdun.*			

8. **Games.**

524

bakal	*dyur dyur.*	*gatal bala.*	*tatag.*	*tukayuru.*
bala.	*daru daru.*	*tambak.*	*yukuvi.*	

9. **Supernatural Beings.**

776

bilas.	*dagalaghas.*	*jaadaru.*	*puri.*	*šaberikti.*
buria.	*bin bilas.*	*jin.*	*pfut.*	*yaškuni.*

10. **Words relating to CEREMONIES, CUSTOMS etc. or Objects which have no English equivalent.**

000

bari.	*bagfan.*	*dani.*	*yurbal.*	*•.mi numuryu.*
barr.	*burski.*	*darman.*	*yurtaspij,*	*otag.*
barzi.	*burui.*	*durk.*	*(yalitspij).*	*otiki.*
bak bik.	*furufan.*	*duzuu.akuta.*	1. *yun.*	*palaru.*
balguria.	1. *chaggi.*	*gurjo.*	*ishan.*	*pfanira.*
burginas.	*chas.*	*gnarni.*	*kurki.*	*phaqira.*
burila, v. also page 421.	*ctravqnaruna.*	*giranu uras.*	*sur.*	*pharutaira.*
	tukuji.	*girgij.*	*lajuri.*	*puri su.*
burialu.	*tup.*	*guj.*	*makur.*	*pasuru.*
burul.	*dal dal.*	*yan.*	*manqjili.*	*pji.*
bivta N.	*dambu.*	*yankaj.*	*makala.*	*pi.aguur.*